

An Apology to Wm. G. McAdoo

April 2, 1921

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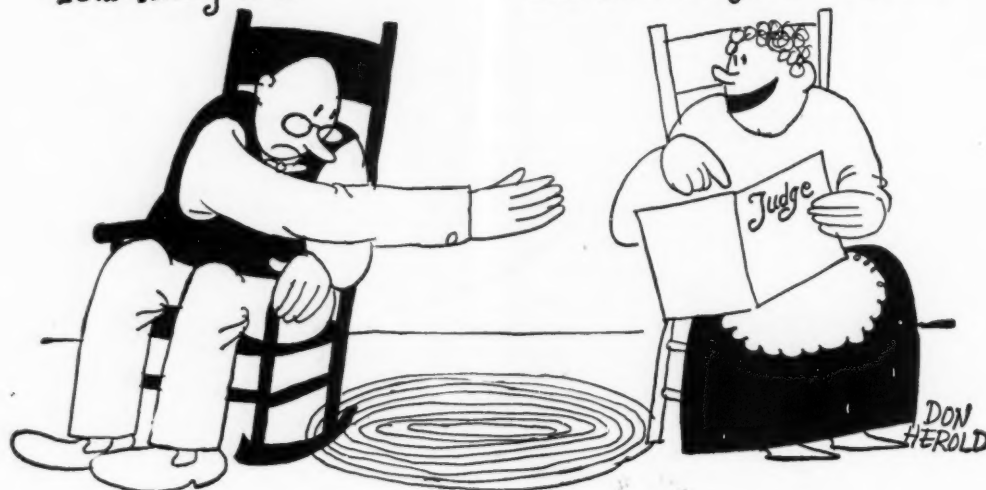
Vol. CXXXII. No. 3414

Between Two Fires

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Hand me Judge, Julia.
I want to read six
four-line jokes.

I just read this 123 line
article. I was just in the mood
for something that size.



Do you like your humor long or short?

There are just as many lengths of humor as there are kinds of humor.

It is absolutely ridiculous for you to say you like long humor better than short humor, or short better than long. A great psychologist has said, "Sometimes people like their humor short and sometimes long."

Judge has, of course, gone into this matter very deeply.

Judge has found that, while there is no rule as to the proportion of long humor a man may consume to good advantage at a given hour of the day, or under given circumstances of stress, or relaxation, it is en-

tirely possible to strike a law of averages. Judge has examined, in large white laboratories erected especially for this purpose, thousands of people, thin and fat, cozy optimists and purple pessimists, bright and half-bright, to determine how much long humor and short humor is good for an average normal subject over a week's time.

Judge is made up in this correct proportion of long, short and medium length humor every week.

Don't you feel in your own soul that Judge has about the right mixture? Don't judge hastily. Send a dollar for ten issues and give the subject the consideration it deserves.

All Right
Judge:
225 Fifth Avenue
New York City

I accept your offer for new subscribers only—ten weeks for \$1.00. It is understood that you send me Judge beginning with the current issue, 10 numbers in all. I enclose \$1.00.

Name
Street
City
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A MILLION DOLLAR SECRET

A Sensational Principle and Power that Guarantees Prosperity, Happiness and Supremacy.

This Is the Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road to Success

A Subtle Principle of Success

By ALOIS P. SWOBODA

THIS subtle principle in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power, has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

The subtle principle must not be confused with Metaphysics, Psychology, New Thought, Christian Science, arbitrary optimism, inspiration or faith.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends, for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health, as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery, as is always the case under similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction arose within me the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, prosperity, happiness, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.



Discoverer of the Subtle Principle of Success. Discoverer of the origin, nature, powers, characteristics, laws, principles and functions of Conscious Energy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle, and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You may also use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously, and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness, stagnation, inferiority, degeneration, decay and negativity. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this Subtle Success Principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

SPECIAL NOTICE

Every reader of this announcement is strongly urged to procure for self the benefit of the Subtle Principle of Success.

The Subtle Principle is a genuine and sensational power that guarantees prosperity, happiness and success.

The service rendered humanity by Swoboda has not been paralleled in centuries. Swoboda is doing more real good for humanity through his discoveries than philanthropists with their millions.

The Subtle Principle of Success is destined to revolutionize the human race by raising it from adversity to new and higher plane of level of Happiness, Superiority, Prosperity, Supremacy, Pleasure, Freedom and Success.

No reader of this announcement can afford to neglect to take advantage of the Subtle Principle of Success.

Why take less than your full share of Life, Pleasure, Prosperity, Joy and Success? Why live an inferior life?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

Moses—Caesar—Napoleon—Roosevelt—Rockefeller—Herbert Spencer—Emerson—Darwin—J. P. Morgan—Harriman—Woodrow Wilson—Charles Schwab—Lloyd George—Clemenceau—Charles E. Hughes—Abraham Lincoln—George Washington—Marshall Field—Sarah Bernhardt—Galli-Curci—Nordica—Melba—Cleopatra—Alexander the Great—Edison—Newton—Wanamaker—Phil Armour—Andrew Carnegie—Frick—Elbert Hubbard—Richard Mansfield—Shakespeare—Richard Wagner—Mendelssohn—Beethoven—Verdi—Copernicus—Confucius—Mohammed—Cicero—Demosthenes—Aristotle—Plutarch—Christopher Columbus—Marcus Aurelius—Vanderbilt—Pericles—Lycurgus—Benjamin Franklin

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions and of all colors make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of Success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

We Owe Each Other

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else.

This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. It is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.



I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this Principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty to each member of humanity, just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it without any obligation whatsoever. I urge every one to procure the Subtle Principle of Success because the results it holds in store for each individual are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it solely for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption, and so absolutely certain am I that this Principle in your hands will work wonders for you—that I am willing to place this Subtle Principle of Success in your hands, without any risk whatsoever on your part. You will recognize the tremendous value of this Principle within less than thirty minutes—in fact, almost immediately, as you become conscious of it; you will realize its practicability, its potency, its basic reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity, success and supremacy.

Thousands of individuals claim that the Subtle Principle of Success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it. You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for the Subtle Principle of Success—for disclosing this principle—after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence for your success and supremacy.

I, myself, have derived such tremendous results, amazing results, from its powers, that I want every man and woman to have this key to success, prosperity, wealth and supremacy. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address, without any profit whatsoever.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this Subtle Principle of Success. You would never forgive me if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.



Write your address on the form below, or write me a postal or a letter, asking me to send you the Subtle Principle of Success, without any risk of any kind whatsoever on your part, and you will receive by return mail the Subtle Principle of Success—a principle of supremacy—the key to your success—the equal of which you have never seen.

(Order Form)

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1326 Berkeley Bldg., West 44th Street, New York City

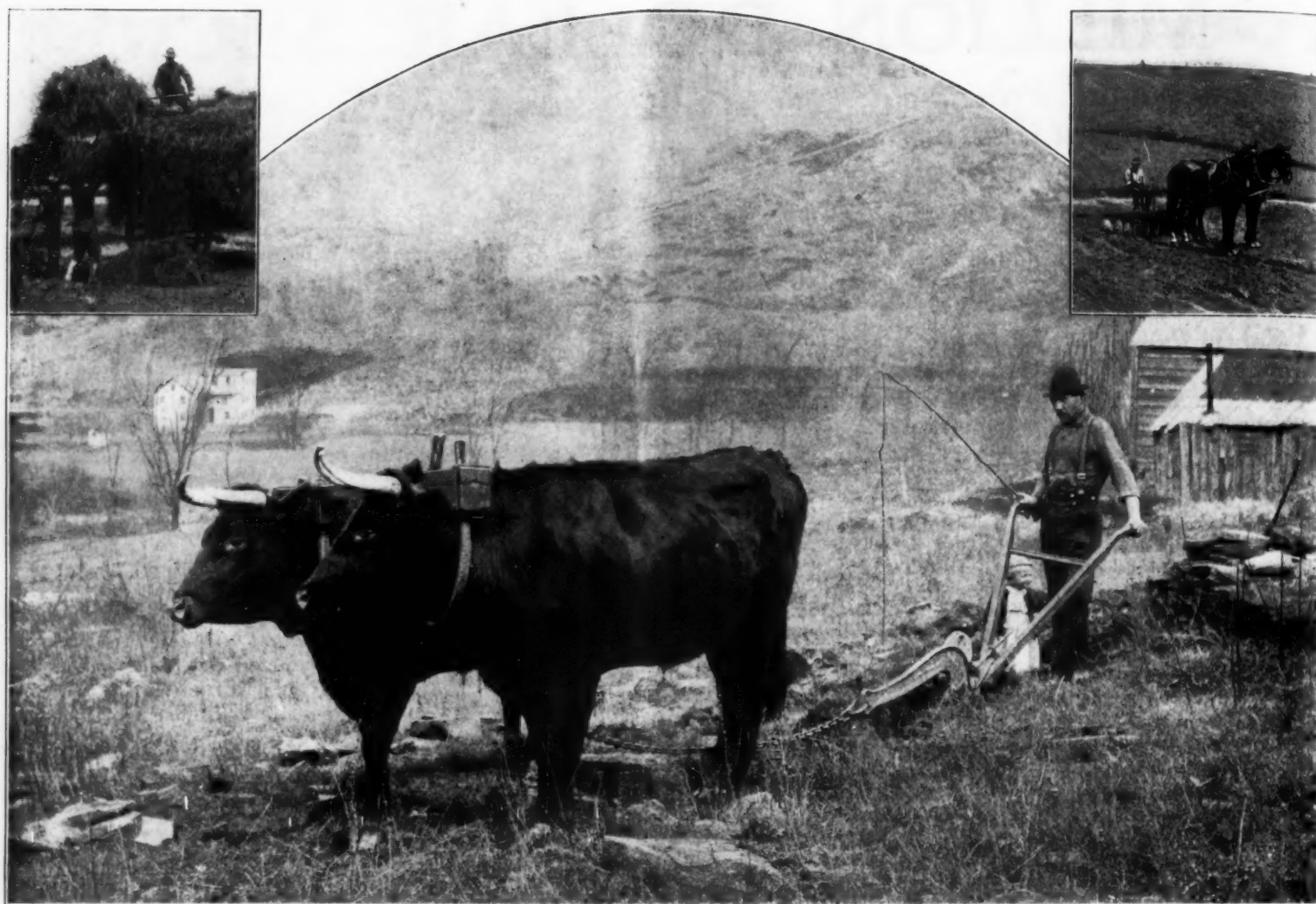
Send me the Subtle Principle of Success—If I accept it, will pay one dollar to help to cover cost of mailing, composing, printing, packing and advertising.

Name
Address
City
State

Special Notice. The above statement is absolutely guaranteed in every way to be as represented. Remember you are under no obligation whatsoever, to keep the Subtle Principle of Success. You have everything to gain and absolutely nothing to lose. This is the shortest, surest and easiest road to success and supremacy. The Subtle Principle of Success is virtually a gift to Humanity. Swoboda sincerely believes that he owes it, under the above conditions, to the human race.

It is realized that what is said about the Subtle Principle of Success sounds almost too good to be true; but, remember the Subtle Principle of Success costs you nothing if you do not profit through it.





The Old and the New in Agriculture. No Longer Is the Farmer "Brother to the Ox"

The gasoline motor, which can be hitched to plow or harrow, is gradually retiring the ox-team to the pension list. Motor tourists, glimpsing the tractor in the roadside field, deplore the passing of the "picturesque" ox, but with the modern farmer picturesque-

ness does not get far when considered as a utility argument. "The plowman homeward plods his weary way," is inaccurate twilight description where a tractor is used. He isn't weary, and he doesn't plod. Chances are he flivvers into town to the movies.



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THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES



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"No one could watch the developments on earth of the past seven years without realizing that the margin of safety is not so broad as it had before appeared. There is apparent to all of us a greater need of that eternal vigilance which they tell us is the price of liberty."



ETCHED FOR LESLIE'S AFTER A PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD ©

Calvin Coolidge

Renew Your Faith in Homely Things

By VICE-PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE

IF I were preaching a sermon to my fellow Americans I should take for my subject some text from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, for therein lies the explanation of our past accomplishments and our future expectations.

Whether you touch the mountain peaks of our history or examine the foundations from which they have been raised, you will find everywhere they have been the result of faith. Whatever builds up and increases that faith increases the breadth of our civilization. Whatever tears down and destroys that faith turns us back toward barbarism.

No one could watch the developments on earth of the past seven years without realizing that the margin of safety is not so broad as it had before appeared. There is apparent to all of us a greater need of that eternal vigilance which they tell us is the price of liberty.

There is always a place for fair discussion, but destructive criticism alone and the spirit which animates it produces no progress. It is time to turn our eyes not to the weakness of our institutions but to their strength. The Pilgrims of 1620 did not appear to be a very remarkable body of people but their pastor, John Robinson, had faith in them. That faith has given to him a place in history, while those who scoffed have been long since forgotten. The ragged band who gathered around Washington in that terrible winter at Valley Forge had very little of the appearance of a conquering army, yet Washington had faith in

them which has made him the foremost American. There were times when both forces in the field and the public sentiment of the country looked like anything but a strong support of President Lincoln, but his abiding faith saved North and South alike and reunited the nation for the great work that lay before it.

It is time to turn our attention from those who criticize and destroy to those who have confidence, and build. There is little advantage in dwelling upon the imperfections of our government and its administrators or our social order and its management. It is time to look not at our disadvantages but our advantages. It is time for that courage and confidence which has been the characteristic of Americans. It is time for the exemplification of that abiding faith which has wrought the wonders of our civilization, which amid changes changes not, and out of weakness is made strong.

It is time to renew our faith in the homely things of life, in thrift and industry and in the virtues which have always centered around the American fireside. The true civic center of our municipalities will be found not in some towering edifice, with stately approaches, nor in broad avenues flanked by magnificent mansions, but around the family altar of the American home, the source of that strength which has marked our national character, where above all else is cherished a faith in the things not seen.

SEVEN-O-SEVEN



Lakeland peered through the left window and felt his knees unsteady under him. Ahead something flared high into the heavens. It must be the bridge. How long had it been burning? Would it withstand the weight of a train? He went back to his furnace door strangely calmed; for he had not inherited his father's weakness. He would show Blake there was some merit in the Lakeland blood. He had failed as an engineer, but he would not fail as a man!

JOHAN BLAKE, engineer of Train Seventy-three, better known as the "Georgia Special," stood waiting to be admitted to the division superintendent's office. In his forty years' service on the C. S. & F. he had never before been "called on the carpet"; and he could imagine no reason for it now. One might have guessed his age between fifty and sixty. His hair was iron-gray; there were deep furrows in his cheeks, tiny criss-cross lines around his eyes, and that shrunken, leathery look about his neck which denotes the aging of a man who has lived in the open, and lived hard. Yet he was to be trusted above any other engineer on the road. When one looked into his eyes one realized that; and also one could understand why it was that John Blake had never ditched a train.

It is doubtful whether he would have shown as much nervousness in a passenger wreck as he now exhibited while facing the door through which every railroad man must pass to advancement or discharge. He was of the old school, the old régime. Instinctively he felt an antagonism toward the new. Only a week before Bowlson, the beloved division superintendent, had been given a better job. Blake was sure it must be better because he believed in the justice of Heaven. He had walked behind Bowlson's coffin and at the head of that squad of faithful and aged trainmen who wished to pay their last respects to one whom they had worked under and loved.

The passing of Bowlson marked the complete amalgamation of the old with the new. Henceforth employees would be mere numbers on the payroll. Appreciation of individual effort had perished.

Then Blake was admitted to the office. Phillip Lakeland, the new superintendent, sat behind a flat-topped desk. (Bowlson had never given up his old-fashioned roll-top.) Also, he smoked a cigarette instead of a long, black cigar, which was always a fixture in the former superintendent's face. Bowlson would have clapped Blake on the back, and would have swapped yarns with him for ten minutes before approaching the main subject. That was his way. But Lakeland had not come up from the yards, nor had he ever had instilled in him, through the medium of bare fists, the equality of Man. He was a driver of men; his eyes convicted him. They were calculating, watchful, cold gray like the steel of a rifle barrel. Beggars turned away from him because of his eyes.

He was an American by birth and a railroad man by inheritance. He had gained his knowledge from behind the plate glass of a Pullman, but he had gained it just the same. He knew the locomotives, rolling stock and right-of-way of the C. S. & F. as well as Bowlson, but he

did not know his employees. That, too, was part of his scheme. "Familiarity breeds contempt" had been his slogan.

Lakeland was fifty and looked younger. He sat very straight at his desk. His clothes fitted him. He was smooth-shaven and groomed to the state of perfection which annoys other men. His features were thin, chiselled, except for his mouth. Here Nature had refused to masquerade; his lips were thick, warm, sensual—a key to the weakness which was otherwise hidden behind his mask.

Blake felt something shrivel up inside of him as Lakeland raised his eyes.

"Name?" asked the superintendent.

The engineer shifted from one foot to the other, looking and feeling like a whipped dog. "John Blake, sir."

"Miss Gould, bring me John Blake's card, engineer file."

His stenographer obeyed with that alacrity which is based on fear rather than a desire to please. He scanned it, taking occasional puffs at his cigarette. After a moment he said:

"You've driven the Special ten years. For thirty years previous to that you were in the employ of the C. S. & F. as brakeman, fireman and freight engineer. We are going to retire you, Blake, on a pension."

The announcement left Blake numb. It was like a sentence delivered by a court from which there is no appeal. He went a little pale under his grease, but he managed:

"I'd prefer to work on, sir. I couldn't stand losing my engine. It—it would be like cutting off my right arm. I'm not married; I'd have nothing to do—"

Lakeland narrowed his eyes; he leaned forward. "You will be retired on one-half pay. That is our reward for services rendered. We do not want old engineers. My generation has learned the value of young men."

"But you don't understand, sir. My record's clean. I've got to work—"

Lakeland lifted his hand. "Spare me your self-appreciation. If you must keep busy there are numerous employment offices connected with this road and others. Doubtless you can hold a brakeman's job—"

Blake forgot his embarrassment; his fingers crushed his cap to a wad; his eyes were hot. "To hell with your

Blake pulled in his head. The pair exchanged glances. No need for words then. Only need for superhuman courage. Nearer rushed the blazing structure. A hundred feet, fifty—they were on it! They felt something give beneath them. The stringers had burned. The locomotive lurched wildly, recovered. Flames crawled through the cab windows, were swept backward by the draft. Blake tried to grin. He made a little gesture as if to say, "We've done our best." And then all was pitch dark ahead.

pension! I've worked forty years on this division. I was braking when you were learning your alphabet. I'll show you whether John Blake is too old to earn his living, and if I ever meet you in the yards—"

The superintendent pressed a button on his desk. "Show this man out," he calmly directed the boy who answered.

But the engineer held his ground. "There's more like you, Lakeland; and you and the rest of 'em aim to ditch the men who've given their lives to this business. You don't think I'm too old to drive the Special. You know mighty well why you want me junked—so you can put your nephew or your son or your wife's cousin at the throttle—and the public can take the chances. What do you care whether Seventy-three piles up or not? There'll always be an innocent dispatcher to suffer for it, and there's more rolling stock to be bought with the company's money." He raised his clenched hands—dirty they were, but stub-fingered and capable. Then he let them drop with a gesture of hopelessness. "What's the use?" he muttered as he turned to go. "What the hell's the use!"

Shortly after Blake's departure a young man in overalls entered the office without the formality of knocking.

"Hello, Dad!" he greeted the superintendent breezily.

"Hear you retired somebody this morning."

Lakeland smiled, but there was no warmth in his face. He scanned his son, noting his athletic shoulders, his aristocratic head, his clean-cut features, which resembled his own except for their mobility. Ted Lakeland had been learning the railroad game for the last three years under a hard and able instructor—Bowlson; and he found the present situation far more to his liking.

"I pensioned Blake," said Lakeland senior, "so you could drive the Special." It was typical of him to state his case baldly. He never minced matters. "There was no other way to create an opening. Besides, Blake is too old."

The young man's eyes snapped. "Thanks, Dad. When do I begin?"

"On her next run—tomorrow. How long have you been on the freight job?"

"A year, last month."

"And you've never ditched anything?"

"No, sir!"

"I suppose you are aware passenger engineers are usually older and more experienced?"

"Sure; but you trust me or you wouldn't have—fixed things."

The superintendent lit another cigarette thoughtfully.

"No, Ted; I neither trust nor distrust you. This is

(Continued on page 371)

An Apology to William G. McAdoo

McALCO, COTTON & FRANKLIN
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
120 Broadway, New York

WILLIAM G. McADOO
JOSEPH P. COTTON
GEORGE S. FRANKLIN
FRANCIS H. McADOO
THURLOW M. GORDON
GEORGE H. SAVAGE

March 10, 1921.

Dear Sirs:

My attention has just been called to an article by Paul V. Collins in your issue of February 26th, 1921. Aside from the preposterously false statements in the article concerning the United States Railroad Administration, while I was Director-General, the article is grossly libelous. I quote:

"Secretary McAdoo declared he could no longer afford to remain in Government service—he must get out into the moving picture business and recoup his private fortune. He resigned and invested about \$1,200,000 in a modest home in California, and a sum approximately the same in another humble shelter on Long Island, indicative of the stringent need of provision for his family."

I demand an immediate retraction of this false and libelous statement, and that such retraction be printed in the same conspicuous manner as the original article.

I am now a private citizen, and my personal affairs do not concern the public; but in order to fully expose this slander, I wish to say that in November, 1910, I paid for an undivided one-half



HON. WILLIAM G. McADOO

interest in a piece of unimproved property at Santa Barbara, Cal., the sum of \$30,301.01. This interest is subject to a mortgage of \$30,000 on the entire

property, which is still unpaid. This property was bought for sub-division and is now on the market.

In the latter part of 1919 I bought a piece of real estate at Huntington, L. I., at a total cost of \$30,161, of which \$16,040 has been paid and the remainder—\$13,221—is on mortgage. These are the only investments in real estate that I have made, and every dollar so invested has been earned by me since my return to private life. The extent of the libel to which you have subjected me can readily be seen by a comparison of these facts with the statements of the Collins article.

Yours truly,
(Signed) W. G. McADOO.

Leslie's Weekly,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LESLIE's publishes the foregoing letter from Mr. McAdoo with the sincere desire to repair the injustice it has done him.

It was published without any intention or desire to misrepresent Mr. McAdoo. It was published without sufficiently careful examination by the Editors of the correctness of the statements made and upon the assumption that the writer of the article was reliable and trustworthy.

We offer our sincere apologies to Mr. McAdoo and hope that this publication may effectively correct any false impression which the publication of the original article may have created.

THOS. B. FELDER,
Receiver.

They Changed Horses in Mid-Stream

By LEE D. BROWN

THE last six months of business, financial and industrial melodrama have gradually turned into a problem play for thousands of formerly contented people; and many comfortable schemes of existence that showed every indication of staying put for a lifetime have received severe jolts. In such days as these one is likely to find himself vainly regretting that he "didn't go into something else in the first place."

Most of us tumble into our first jobs by chance or, at best, through some one else's guidance, or our own immature judgment. Then, if we have climbed a quarter or a third of the way up the ladder, it's no easy matter to decide to climb down and start all over again—even when more mature judgment dictates this as the best policy. We are not so young as we were when we started out, and others have got their start in the other field ahead of us. Nor is it convenient to take less money. It takes a lot of courage to make a change; but often it pays.

It paid John N. Willys for instance. It paid Harvey D. Gibson, one of the youngest big bank presidents in America; and Earl D. Babst, president of the American Sugar Refining Company; Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life; A. C. Gilbert, the man credited with having brought the toy-making industry to this country; and Whitney Warren, the architect who first dreamed the present great city within a city in the vicinity of Grand Central Station, New York.

Of this half-dozen leaders in half a dozen different fields, each started out on a different track from that which finally brought him to spectacular fame.

Taking the case of John N. Willys—had he been content in the line at which he started as a boy, he might today have been the thrifty proprietor of a small-town laundry plant; or, through his genius for organization, might even have built up a string of little laundries in up-State New York.

He decided he was on a narrow-gauge track, however, sold out at a small profit, and jumped into the job of a bicycle salesman; later to the job of an automobile salesman. Anybody in the production end of business

can expound upon how much chance a mere salesman would have if suddenly placed in charge of production! Yet to the surprise of skeptical friends, Willys jumped into a veritable cauldron of financial trouble in the worst part of the panic of 1907, drew in all the good money he could lay his hands on, and took over practically the entire job of manufacturing Overland cars, one of the makes that he had been selling. A year later the company cleared a million dollars; today its assets, together with those of the companies that have grown out of it, run high into nine figures.

Harvey D. Gibson, president of the Liberty National Bank, of New York, showed every indication of making a good orchestra leader. As such he worked his way through Bowdoin College. But upon being graduated, he got a job sweeping out an express office. He worked up to the position of assistant cashier, was sent to Canada to represent his company in Montreal, and was later brought to New York as assistant manager of the Eastern department.

Came then an opportunity to go into the travel agency business for himself, and he made the jump. In this case it was immediately profitable; in the next it was not. Finance had been intriguing his interest more and more every year. He had made such an intensive study of foreign exchange that he had become expert on the subject. It was his judgment that banking would be, for his particular temperament, the most enjoyable life work conceivable.

And he made that hardest jump of all; he voluntarily stepped down—down a long long way so far as income was concerned—to take a position in the bank of which now he is president. He got the position through Seward Prosser, then president of the bank, and within five years had proved, as thousands of others have, that no man is in the right job until he is in the job he loves. He was elected president when only thirty-four, and still is at twenty-eight, probably the youngest president of a bank as large as the Liberty National.

Earl D. Babst started out to be a lawyer in Detroit. Chicago appealed to him as a field offering opportunities for greater expansion, and he moved there to continue in

the profession. In all, he practiced law eight years, making a specialty of the study of trade-marks and the statutes governing their use. One of his important clients during this period was the National Biscuit Company. Most business and professional men deal, at times, with important men or concerns in other fields than their own, and many of them at one time or another receive offers that would take them into these other fields.

But most of them take a lingering look at the bright prospect, then decide to play safe by sticking in their own old groove, even though it may have worn into a rut long since. Unknown dangers are always the most formidable. Babst carefully weighed the offer to join the National Biscuit Company, when that offer finally came, and decided if there were unknown dangers ahead he would combat them when they arose, but in the meantime he should not let them worry him.

He went, and didn't stop going until he reached the vice-presidency of the company. By that time he had achieved the reputation that ultimately resulted in his being offered the presidency of the American Sugar Refining Company, the largest single business of its kind in the world.

Haley Fiske is another former lawyer who experimented with a crossroad when opportunity beckoned that way. As in the case of Earl D. Babst, his chance came through dealings with a client, the then comparatively small Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He practiced law for fifteen years, and handled the Metropolitan's legal business most of that time, on behalf of the law firm of which he was a member. Then the company found itself in need of a man of great executive ability to take care of the rapid expansion that appeared as a possibility of the near future.

If he would surrender his other practice and give all of his time to the insurance business, Haley Fiske was the right man for the place, and he was advised of this opinion. It sounds easier when told of another man than it seems when a similar situation confronts you—you may be doing very nicely as it is, and there's

(Concluded on page 378)

EDITORIAL



FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS, AMERICAN IDEALS, AMERICAN SUPREMACY

"The Public Good"

THE public good" is a pagan deity which has just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Thor and Odin, Gog and Magog, were mighty gods in their day; but individualist and socialist, labor, virtue and pleasure, have found a higher god in man himself. All the rites of our civilization are passing into the worship of the public good.

The news of the country for but one day brings bequests of rich men to science, the gift of a new drug to medicine by chemists who waive the rewards, the invention of conveniences by acute minds disclaiming even honors; donations to charity, education, safety, comfort; philanthropy in legislation and generosity in thrift. Man is more god-like than he thought he was, in thus cultivating his civilization and reaping the harvest to increase the power and ameliorate the condition of beings he will never look upon.

"The public good" may be, as the pessimist and the misanthrope will contend, a new religion sprung from a selfish benevolence. Yet, as a new religion, it is a kindly and a grateful novelty. Creedless, altarless, without missionaries, or martyrs—moral, ethical, political—everything but dogmatical—its votaries, rendering reverence at its shrine, are serving all religions.

There will, perhaps, long exist public evil, public injustice, chicanery and ignorance. But this invisible spirit of the public good, linking all laborers of the brain and body, welcoming wealth and poverty with the glad hand, will ever stand between the just and the unjust, apportion the common heritage, make war on abuses and inspire the truthseeking zeal of the gallant, the patriotic and the enlightened.

A Little Fable for Americans

CAPTAIN GULLIVER failed to visit the land inhabited by the Natives and Hyphens. It was an anomalous country, because the Lilliputian meekness of the Natives offended the Brobdingnagian gall of the Hyphens. The Natives held the doctrine that all people must mix in sympathy. The Hyphens contended that nations must disintegrate in prejudice. The Natives held wide their portals to the influx of strangers, trusting that the infusion would sweeten the common life. The Hyphens, stung from their own country by the bottle-flies of decay, brought with them the habit of sniffing for something rotten in Denmark.

The Natives were ruled by what they called a representative system. The Hyphens were ruled by their own ignorance. The Natives viewed with trustful vision the marts of busy minds. The Hyphens mildewed their memories with mopings of ancient massacres. The Natives turned their sense to making daylight for tomorrow. The Hyphens stewed in the juice of their own conceit. With cool

patience the Natives proceeded with tasks of welding diversity into unity. The Hyphens constructed scruples and sought affronts.

The Natives based their judgments very precisely upon the hair-breadth point of established fact. The Hyphens pulled up an unsure argument and maintained that all pages in history in which they were not mentioned should be torn out. The Natives were of equable temperament, meditating judicially on the perplexities of life. The Hyphens were of importunate moods, quibbling across straws to raise dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding brains. The Natives endeavored to make conditions bearable through amelioration. The Hyphens exposed hereditary propensities toward making conditions unbearable so that they could seize absolute control. On other people's business the Natives were of respectful mien. The Hyphens deemed the business of the Natives of little moment, an alien wart to their Ossa.

The Natives dreamed of perpetuating their traditions and transmitting their glory. The Hyphens insisted that the Natives existed on sufferance in the shadow of their majorities. It is a pity that Captain Gulliver never visited that peculiar country.

Maligning Human Nature

WE ought to relax on trans-vamping the sexes in play-pictures and on the woman's page—the proposition that all the amorous puddings are poisoned and that society is tainted with wile and guile. Analyzing the males, the woman's page flings the mask from their maleficence and exorciates their villainy. Females are portrayed to the public as creatures with the shriveling kiss and the deadly coil. Two sets of artists are horror-painting the two sexes. The sirens glide like serpents. The villains drip with unctuous venom. He- and she-vampires throng the screens, the stage and the columns, contriving iniquity as industriously as guerrillas making an ambush.

The Borgias were feeble pikers compared with our spiders spinning death-webs for crude flies. Venus makes love for profit and Adonis carries a box of slippery tricks, until the sexes are so discolored with a sinister delineation that our little maids shiver with uncleanly apprehension of the "Anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." 'Tis pitiful, wondrous pitiful, but 'tain't true.

Two or three decades ago we malignd our elders—the cruel fathers drove their drooping daughters out on the hard world and the old mortgagees foreclosed in a snow-storm. Today austerity revenges itself on the young with a propaganda of broken hearts, vows and bank balances. Perhaps we are too tender for the old plays of broils and battle, but human nature still runs true to form. Women are as true, men as constant, love as sweet, as it ever was, and there is a faint suspicion that the penmen have less virtue than the public, and that some writers are trying to make human nature "egregiously an ass."

German in the Schools

THE impropriety of restoring German to the public school curriculum while war still exists on paper may be abandoned to the quibblers. All barriers to free intellectual and commercial intercourse with a most prolific part of the human family should be removed by enlightened hands. But in certain cities the rush of German back to the class-rooms contrasts strangely with the lethargy of those cities in warring on Germany. There is something ludicrous in the hot haste of these partisans of learning who were so cold at fighting.

These pseudo-Teutons and milk-white Americans, silent in the partnership of bloody days, display a most active vigor in cramming German into the Yankee curriculum. We believe that the war-like promptitude of these patrons of learning indicates a patriotism of so wide a scope as to cover two nations, and were we under the heel of the jack-boot they would cherish the American text-books, after censoring the propaganda out of them.

What May Be Expected

ON the Fourth of March last the solid millions stood at the front door of their homes of good wishes and called "Good Luck, Mr. President!" For one day the American family was the host—for a few hours there was a conjuncture of sentiment and an intermixture of good feeling, and everybody forgot to be a partisan in the pleasure of being an American.

The ceremony—the transition of the power of a mighty republic from one hand to another—is now history. The flash of kindly sympathy, glowing for a moment in our whole social system, and pressing us all close to the breast of patriotism, will now glow in the record for posterity. Yet no prophet will calculate the future from the welcome. Soon there will be assailing of policies and distortion of motives. Political criticism, intending to be an exact science, is sometimes seduced by its imagination, sometimes by its reason. The general principles of political opposition maneuver the faculties toward deductions congenial to prejudice. Thus every Democratic critic will be an advocate offering as exhibits his own conjectures and partialities, and lauding them as the only honest witnesses in the court of opinion. A sinister aspect will be discovered in every transaction, and so magnified as to obscure its purpose. Evidence will be minimized; indictment thunder and invective sting.

Such is representative government. All progress will be received with those epithets of skepticism which are the rhetorical gumdrops of partisan criticism, as necessary to give sonorous effect to inimical declamation as the pebble in the mouth of Demosthenes—and yet not a single soul will forget that on the Fourth of March we all agreed that an honest man was to govern an honest people.

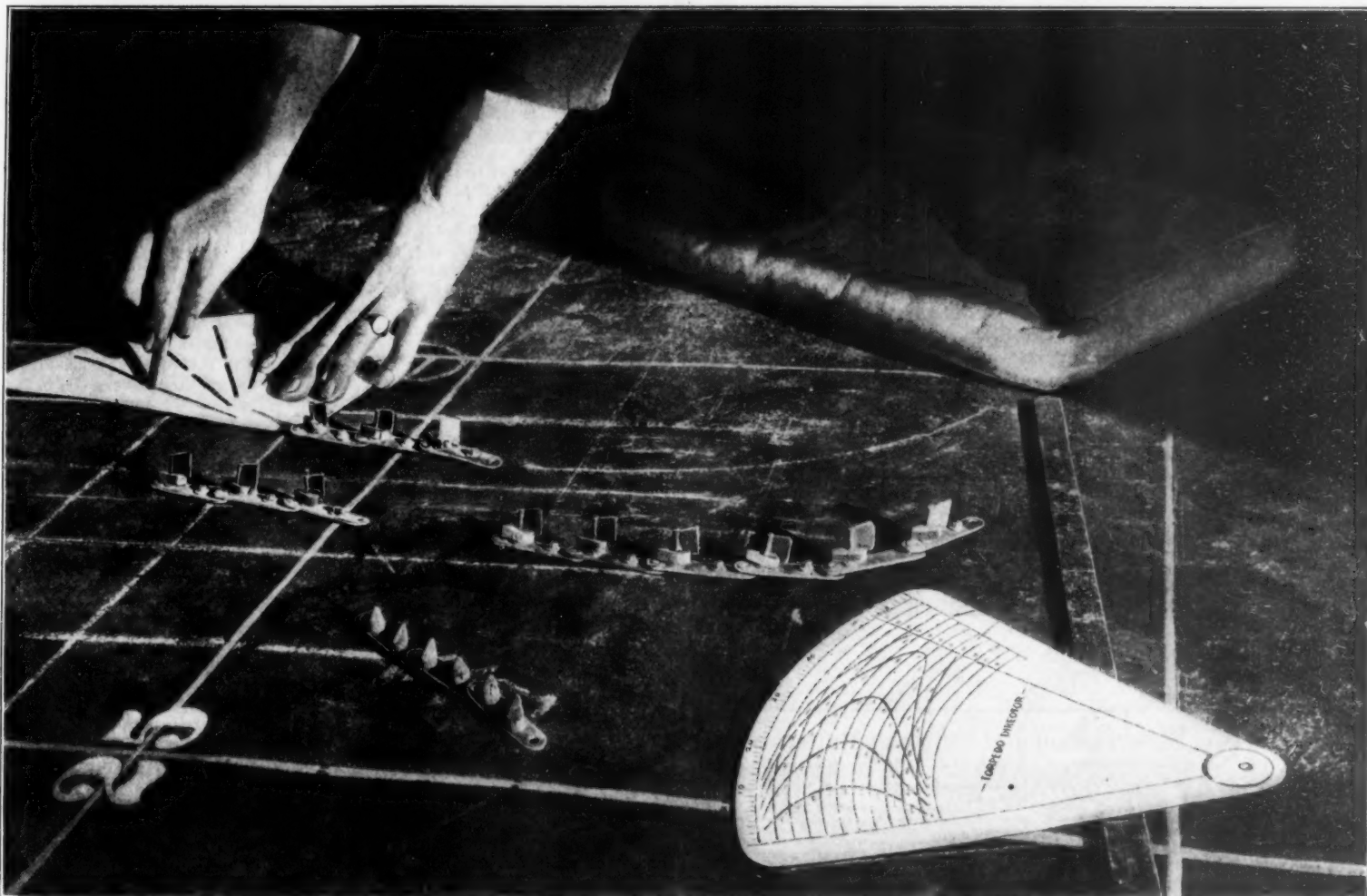
Pictorial Digest of the World's News

Peaceful Days Bring Back the Passion Play

THOUSANDS of Americans who have had the good fortune to witness a production of the world's most beautiful religious drama—the Passion Play at Oberammergau—have, no doubt, often wondered what was the fate during the war of the principals in that impressive reproduction of the life of Christ. Again and again the death of this or that actor was reported, and it was frequently rumored that Anton Lang, who took the part of the Saviour, had been killed. A few of the participants were slain; but Lang is still alive—alive enough to fill his customary role this summer when the play is revived. Here (in the small inset) he is shown as he appears in private life—making pottery. Before him is the tiny Bavarian village which he has done so much to make world-famous. The theater, where he and six hundred of his friends give their performance, is the large edifice seen at the extreme left. It will be recalled that the production has been given every ten years since the year 1633, when, as an act of gratitude for the cessation of the Black Death, the villagers vowed to represent the passion of Christ at least once a decade. The last production was given in 1910.



PHOTO BY KESTON



An "Aerial" View of a Terrific Naval Conflict Where Not One Drop of Blood Was Shed

MIGHTY battles are raging at San Diego. That is (to be precise), they are raging on blackboard and paper. The second naval war college ever established in the United States has been opened, and daily a small group of carefully selected men who may some day lead our navies into action are busily engaged working out theoretical problems—brain-puzzlers that our Admirals must know how to solve. The battle-

ground is laid out in squares, where miniature battleships, cruisers, destroyers and other vessels are shifted about in what is known as the "war game." It frequently happens that the weaker fleet wins a decisive victory through the skill of its quick-witted commander. The advent of the submarine and the airplane has added considerably to the complexity of the game. Later, all officers of the Pacific Fleet will attend the college.

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AS WE WERE SAYING

By Arthur H. Folwell

TO PRESIDENT HARDING

EXCUSE, I beg, this note from one
Who claims no right to your attention;
Who asks no office, seeking none;
Of patronage who makes no mention.
The boon he craves he craves for all,
For population polyglot;
For young, for old; for great, for small;
Don't start your letters, "May I not—"

Don't ask that question when you write
Those notes of suave congratulation.
Find other means, however trite,
Of setting forth your approbation.
You might begin, "Enclosed please find,"

As many do, and say a lot.
Saying ANYTHING, but bear in mind
We've had eight years of "May I not—"

"May I not say with what delight—"
"May I not speak in this connection—"

"May I not tell you now tonight—"
"May I not urge on calm reflection—"

"May I not here express the view—"
The list is long, the trail is hot.
Dear Warren, I may count on you
To break the sequence. May I not?

UNIONIZED MUSIC

UNION regulation of music in its larger forms is an issue which will not down. It rises again and once more, invariably to breed trouble. Putting the symphony orchestra on the same plane as the Bricklayers' Protective League works better in theory than in practice. Temperament revolts when controlled arbitrarily; the conductor can never be made to see with the eye of the walking delegate. But now and again, in the interests of practical harmony, a program might be prepared and rendered in strict accordance with union ideals and precepts, just to show that there are no hard feelings. It would smooth the ruffled water. Some such program as this, for example:

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY Schubert
(Schubert called out on sympathetic strike. Symphony to be finished when building trade and employing contractors reach an agreement as to wage scale on new work.)

LARGO Handel
(Time and a half for all over-time.)

MARCH, MILITAIRE Chopin
(Note: Arranged originally for four hands, but re-arranged for eight hands and two apprentices.)

SYMPHONY OF A THOUSAND VOICES Gustave Mahler
(Given in three eight-hour shifts of 333½ voices each.)

FAREWELL TO THE PIECE-WORK SYSTEM Beethoven
CONCERTO IN A. F. L. Gompers

THE MAKING OF A STAR

AS IT WAS IN THE OLD DAYS OF THE DRAMA

ROSE WALLACK McSIDDONS was all but born on the stage, her birthplace having been the green room of the old Musty Street Theatre in Philadelphia, where her father and mother both were playing in the winter of 1846. At the age of five, Mrs. McSiddons made her stage debut, appearing with the ballet in the afterpiece following "Macbeth," at the Thalia Theatre, Baltimore. The next few years were hard; her parents drifting from stand to stand, literally barnstormers, often hungry. It was while playing small parts with the elder Booth that the girl met and married Garrick McSiddons, with whom for the next five years she appeared in Shakespearean repertoire, light opera, melodrama, and farce; two pieces, sometimes three, nightly. We next hear of her in the old Museum Stock Company, Boston, where each week for nine seasons she played one part, rehearsed another, and studied a third. "By this time," says Mrs. McSiddons in her autobiography, "I was nearly ready for stardom. It had taken me thirty years to get there, yet even then there were rôles which I did not feel myself fitted to attempt."

AS IT IS IN THE NEW DAYS OF THE MOVIES

JESSIE JUNE GIGLAMPS, super-star of the Flicker-Flicker Film Company, is but eighteen years of age. Her rise has been meteoric. Indeed, she has literally leaped into stardom. Abe Flicker, who qualified for the film business by selling three million dollars' worth of silk shirts for nine million dollars, saw Miss Giglamps first behind the counter of a Chicago cafeteria. "I knew she'd screen well the minute I seen them eyes," said Abe. Her first appearance was as Charlotte Corday in "The Bathtub Murder." Her next was in "Rose of Bottle Alley." She is now in the Bahamas, aboard Abe Flicker's super-yacht, whither they have gone to film super-scenes for the forthcoming super-production, "Captain Kidd's Kiddo." "Work, work, and then more work," said Miss Giglamps (in an interview which her press agent wrote with himself), "that is my recipe for stardom. Girls write to me asking for the secret of my success. Poor dears! They little think that it represents all of two years' super-study!"

So long as the Allies continue to haggle over Turkey, the Turks have visions of concessions which will fulfil their determination to get back on the map as a real nation.—London Cable.

Turkey never gets into the scrimmage if it can help it. It keeps just behind the rush-line, and when somebody fumbles, it falls on the ball for a first down.

IT'S a funny world, folks. All you have to do is to get a little way off and look at it. Here they are proposing, as modest skirt for women, garments short as those which "brazen hussies" wore less than ten years ago. 'Twas ever thus. Last year's heresy is this year's orthodoxy.

There will be quite a little saving in paper and ink this year. Petitions asking for Burleson's removal have been discontinued.

Seven-O-Seven

(Continued from page 366)

simply a step forward. You are young, but you have had sufficient technical training. I want you to succeed. After a year handling the Special I'll put you in the dispatcher's office—if everything goes well." He hesitated. "Don't misunderstand me, I'm not giving you this boost simply because you're my son; I believe in the efficiency of young men. That has been my theory—to weed out the old for the new."

Ted Lakeland's face clouded. "It seems a pity about Blake. They say he was the best engineer on the Division—"

"He was, but he's too old now," reiterated Lakeland senior. "The railroad has paid Blake's salary every month. That is all a man should expect for services rendered. And in addition he is to receive a pension . . . Now be careful how you discuss your new job before it's published on the bulletin board. And another thing, don't run into this office as if it were your own private study. Remember, I'm Division Superintendent of the C. S. & F. and you're just an engineer. To advertise the fact that we ride home every night in the same automobile won't help matters."

Young Lakeland thought about that last remark as he went out, and the more he turned it over in his mind, the more uncomfortable he became. By what merit did he deserve Blake's job? And suddenly the retiring of Blake appeared very close to rotten politics. He wondered if a passable road to success could be built out of the misfortunes of others. It wasn't a pleasant thought.

ON the following morning the dispatcher's office, high in the tower of the Savannah depot, heard about the fire. Wires from the West and South were red hot with it; warnings stuttered in, one after another. "Flat-woods burning near Bear river; look out for bridge." "Cotton-tail scrub country ablaze; ties gone already"—this and more; and below in the yards train crews squinted at the brown sky thoughtfully.

At 10 o'clock the conductor of Seventy-three received an order to couple the superintendent's private car to the Special. Lakeland intended a visit to the threatened area. When a switch engine had been set about the task the spare-framed conductor said to the yardmaster:

"Do you know who's driving Seventy-three now?"

"No, Doc; but I heard Blake was junked. Hello! trick, too! Must be the Old Man's got an axe to grind."

"Sure! Young Lakeland's on the Special; and he's only been handling a throttle a year. What are we coming to, anyway?"

"Should think Blake would kick to the union!" and the yardmaster spat indignantly.

"What's the use? He's over the age limit. The road's got a right to lay him off provided they pension him. But it's a crying shame. He's given his body and soul to the C. S. & F. Bowlson understood. I'll bet Bowlson's rearin' up in his coffin right now cursing Lakeland. Take it from me, there's mighty few men in the world can handle a steam jamb like John Blake. I saw him hanging round his engine this morning, and it made me sick. Poor old devil, why he'll die without a 'motive to play with!'"

The approach of Lakeland senior put an end to the conversation. Three minutes after he climbed aboard his car, Seventy-three pulled out of the depot.

All that day the Special hurled itself westward, while from the observation platform the superintendent watched the growing smoke clouds. When an occasional stop was made local operators all told the same story. The fire was gaining; such-and-such a branch line had been cut

off, and such-and-such a freight had been abandoned to the flames. After darkness fell the conductor sought Lakeland.

He found him still watching the red glow in the sky. The conductor did not admire his superior, but he was afraid of him. "You'd better let us cut out your car at Wayville, Mr. Lakeland. We may strike fire in the flatwoods beyond."

"Well? Steel doesn't burn!"

The conductor flushed. "No, sir; but cross-ties and trestles do. My advice would be to lay up the Special there 'till morning."

"After spending a fortune advertising a 'mile-a-minute on-the-minute' train? Oh, no; Seventy-three will go through!"

"Very well, sir—but I wanted to warn you—"

"It has been my experience," interrupted Lakeland coldly, "that a fire can not out-run a locomotive. If necessary we can always come back."

The conductor gave it up then, and went away, swearing under his breath. But he respected the superintendent a little more. Lakeland evidently did not intend to pamper his son.

An hour later they rolled into Wayville. The town occupied a clearing in the pine woods; and now every building reflected the glare in the western sky. It was like a great sunset which, through some phenomenon, lingers after nightfall. The railroad yards were crowded with extra freights in the clear, with local passenger trains and engines. After taking water the Special crawled defiantly out on the mainline, her snaky length silhouetted against the red horizon. The Wayville tower had O.K.'d her as far as Gainsville.

Lakeland, on the rear platform, lying back in his wicker chair, dozed; he would not go to bed. He wished to see at close range the action of a forest fire. He felt no fear of it. There was always an avenue of escape for a fast train. The rumble of the wheels soothed him, the track unreeing into the night suggested limitless distances. He threw away his cigarette and gave himself up to the enjoyment of his drowsiness.

How long he slept he had no means of telling. He was awakened abruptly by the jumping of the brakes and the closing up of the train. As he opened his eyes a vision came to him which raised him staggering to his feet and clawing for the bell-rope. His lips twitched, and suddenly his mask dropped from him. Phillip Lakeland, the iron man, was mortally afraid!

The special came to a jerky halt. The air about vibrated with the roar of flames; the light was blinding. From east to west, paralleling the right-of-way, swept a sea of fire. A half-mile behind Seventy-three it had already crossed the track. The superintendent could make out the burning ties. It was coming toward the train in a great semi-circle, flashing from tree to tree. One minute a tall pine would stand like a black ghost against the glare, the next it would burst into a whirling column of fire. One breathed with difficulty. Glowing brands showered upon the cars; the smoke hung low, pungent with the odor of turpentine. It would be but a matter of minutes until the Special must feel the flames flaring its plate glass and steel. On every hand the flat-woods stretched away, promising unlimited fuel; and nowhere was there the sanctuary of a clearing.

The conductor stuck his head out of the door. His voice was hoarse. "Come inside, sir!"

Lakeland went, stumbling a little. As they faced each other in the handsomely furnished private car, its very luxuries mocked them.

"God!" whispered the superintendent. "Hell!" corrected the other, his face grim but unafraid. "Now, Mr. Lakeland,

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They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W.L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W.L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.



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President
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You assume no obligation by accepting our invitation to wear a Hexnite tire for 10 days. Send your name and address. The ring you select will be shipped for your approval, charges prepaid. Upon arrival, deposit only \$4.50 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you can tell it on a diamond, send it back and your money will be refunded. If you decide to buy, send only \$3.00 monthly until the amount of \$16.50 is paid. The Hexnite tires are solid gold and are set with guaranteed Hexnite Gems weighing almost 1 carat.
Decide on the ring you want. Order by number and do not forget to state the Hexnite size. Send TODAY for our 32 page catalog illustrating hundreds of bargains. Write to Dept. 637-A.
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Chas. Evans, carpenter, of Ind., earned \$100 weekly last year. Gibbard of Mich. did \$80,000 business in 1920. Others had sensational records. All did it with Haywood's Tire Surgery. Twelve years ago I began with \$1000 and new tire repair idea. Now own \$600,000 business. I've started hundreds of men from all walks of life—without experience—with very little capital—on same road to financial success. Let me start YOU. Write today. M. Haywood, Pres.
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Most modern and lasting of reconstructed tires. These semi-cords are heavily reinforced with Genuine New Miller "geared to the road" tread as illustrated in ad and will give wonderful service. Do not confuse them with sewed or half soled tires. A remarkable low factory purchase enables us to offer these guaranteed tires at slashed prices.

28 x 3"	\$8.00	31 x 4"	\$11.10	32 x 4 1/2"	\$13.50	36 x 4 1/2"	\$16.25
30 x 3"	8.40	32 x 4"	12.50	33 x 4 1/2"	14.25	38 x 5"	16.75
30 x 3 1/2"	9.60	33 x 4"	12.90	34 x 4 1/2"	14.75	38 x 5 1/2"	17.50
32 x 3 1/2"	10.50	34 x 4"	13.25	35 x 4 1/2"	15.60	37 x 5"	17.75

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Send No Money Pay only after examination at express office. Unwrapped section for inspection. If cash with order, deduct 5%. Cost you nothing to send for tire. Write today. Return if not like new.
HUDSON TIRE CORPORATION, 126-A Harrison & Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL.

you stay in here. Don't go near that platform. We're going to make a run for it. We can't go back—the fire's already across the tracks—but there's a chance of getting through ahead. It's slim, but it's a chance. We've got to cross a trestle and a bridge two miles west of here. If they're gone we'll take the ditch, which will be better than being roasted alive."

"My—my—boy—"

The conductor shook his head. "Your boy has no business where you put him. That'll give you something to think about!"

It is curious how such a crisis sweeps men to a common level. That speech would have cost the railroad man his job at any other time.

He went out abruptly, turning up his coat collar to keep the burning brands from his neck. Presently the train moved forward, the noise of its trucks drowned by the roar of the flames. And Lakeland sat in his chair, his gray face turned toward the window.

EVEN before his father's frenzied signal on the bell-rope, Ted Lakeland had given the Special the air. "He was not lacking in courage, but his experience had been too limited to help him now. During the last hour the fire had been drawing closer until suddenly, without warning, it seemed to leap from the horizon straight at the right-of-way. Far ahead it licked the rails; to windward it was closing in. He stopped, because obviously, it was the only thing to do. Choking from the smoke and heat, he climbed from his seat and confronted his fireman. His voice was thick.

"What's next?" he managed. "You know; I don't. This is your job."

The fireman opened the injector before replying. "You're the engineer, Lakeland."

The young man was rather white under his soot. "It isn't possible you came along to say—that!"

"Yes," nodded Blake slowly. "You and your father stole my engine. When you did that you stole my life! I reckon I had some such thought when I asked you to let me fire the Special this train. Back there in the yards they figured you might strike trouble. Your regular fireman didn't object to me taking his place."

"You mean you won't help me?"

Blake closed the injector with maddening deliberation. Then, wiping his hands on a bunch of waste, he met Lakeland's eyes.

"I came because I knew damn well it might be the last time Engine Seven-O-Seven made a run. I came because I wanted to be in at the finish. That—that seat yonder's been my home; I've given the best of me to it. I'd rather die with old Seven-O-Seven than live without her. It's not you nor your father back there with his rotten system; it's my engine, my train that brought me. You're looking in a hell tonight, young man, and that's part of the game, too. I've been looking into it and scrambling through it for years!"

Lakeland tried to speak, choked, tried again. "You're right, Dad's all wrong. Take her through, Blake; she's yours!"

"It's your job, son."

The other flushed. "You're going to make me come all the way, aren't you? Very well! I don't know what to do. I don't know whether to go back or go ahead, whether to risk the trestle or chance the fire behind. I'm not fit to handle the Special. And you are! Before God, it is your job. The passengers aren't to blame. If you let them, they'll die like rats in a trap. And your engine—don't you care about that?"

Slowly Blake smiled. He held out his hand. "Shake," he said. "I've the hell of a lot of respect for the feller who'll admit when he's wrong. Now, Ted, give me your coat."

When, a moment later, the conductor climbed into the cab he saw a bulky figure at the throttle, the upper part of his

body swathed in a water-soaked jumper coat.

"Get on back to your Pullmans!" shouted Blake. "We're going through—me and Lakeland!"

Into the glowing forest sped the train. She gathered momentum with each turn of the drivers, thundering down the right-of-way like a black meteor. Old Seven-O-Seven was wide open, her steam gauge quivering just under the two-hundred pound mark. As far as one could see ran a solid sheet of flame. It tapered to wicked points above the tree-tops, sending upward millions of living brands which floated off like mammoth stars. Blake, staring ahead, could hardly breathe. The right-of-way swam before him; the engine rocked beneath him; his lungs rebelled, every breath was a burning torment. Behind him, stripped to the waist, stood Ted Lakeland in the glow of the furnace.

Now the Special neared the place where the forest closed in, where a falling tree would effectually block the rails. It was a desperate chance they were taking. Sixty, sixty-five—seventy miles an hour! If the bridge should already be destroyed—

Blake drew in his head as a tongue of flame reached for the cab—reached and missed by a foot. The roar of the fire was deafening; from a dozen different points came the crash of falling timber. Suddenly they flashed by a glowing mass close to the track. It was the ruins of the little depot and water-tank of Bear River. Blake found time to think of the operator and pray that he had been able to jump a passing freight.

Had the Special been composed of anything but steel cars it must have burst into flame; as it was, the paint was burning off and bubbling into huge blisters. Blake felt his greatest danger lay in the air-hose couplings. If a single spark clung to one long enough to char it through, the brakes would set themselves automatically. But the rush of the train was against that. He glanced at the dial which registered their speed. Eighty miles an hour!

As from a great distance came Lakeland's voice. "Look out!" he shouted. "The cab's afire!"

Sure enough, the wood framework around the windows had sprung ablaze, fanned by the tremendous draft; but fortunately the smoke was driven back toward the cars.

At last the trestle! Blake knew by the sound of the drivers. Built of creosoted pine, it had not been able to withstand the terrible heat, and tongues of flame crawled up between the cross-ties. It looked like a glowing gridiron stretching away into the swamp. They were being swept through a world of chaos, of blistering air, of dense smoke punctured everywhere by yellow eyes. A thousand perils lurked beyond that smoke blanket—an abandoned freight a fallen tree, the bridge itself.

No longer could the engineer pretend to keep his engine under control; he was driving it blindly at top speed and trusting to God. It was all he could do and more than most men would have found the courage to do. Every moment he expected to feel the lifting crash as the locomotive hurled itself against an obstruction; every moment he looked for the sickening plunge which would mean death to three hundred souls. But Seven-O-Seven kept the rails as the fire closed around her.

Lakeland peered through the left window and felt his knees unsteady under him. Ahead something flared high into the heavens. It must be the bridge. How long had it been burning? Would it withstand the weight of a train? He went back to his furnace door strangely calmed; for he had not inherited his father's weakness. He would show Blake that there was some merit in the Lakeland blood. He had failed as an engineer, but he would not fail as a man!

Blake pulled in his head. The pair exchanged glances. No need for words then. Only need for superhuman courage. Nearer rushed the blazing structure. A

hundred feet, fifty—they were on it! The locomotive lurched wildly, recovered. They felt something give beneath them. The stringers had burned through. Flames crawled into the cab windows, were swept backward by the draft, Blake tried to grin. He made a little gesture as if to say, "We've done our best." And then all was pitch dark ahead—dark and clear and marvelously cool under the moon.

The Special had crossed the bridge!

A HALF mile beyond, Blake brought his train to a halt, and an ashen-faced crew doused the blazing cab with water from the tender. As the division superintendent swung from the platform of his car and walked toward the engine his lips were quite firm. With marvelous ease he had drawn his mask over his weakness. Once more he was the cool, self-contained master of the situation. Only the conductor had seen that mask raised. Would he tell? The superintendent decided to be extremely considerate of the conductor. Behind him the bridge suddenly collapsed into the river, but he did not flinch.

Lighting a cigarette, he pushed through the group of passengers surrounding two blackened figures near the cab steps. He hardly recognized his son; he did not recognize Blake at all. The engineer had lost his mustache and eyebrows, and his face was blistered beneath its crust of cinders. Young Lakeland, naked to his waist, had suffered only a few burns, although he, too, was almost the color of a negro. When he saw his father he held out his arms.

"Dad!"

The older man took him by the shoulders. He showed no further emotion. "You brought us through, son. You've earned the respect of the Division."

Ted Lakeland wrenched away. "No I didn't!" he flared. "There's the man! If it hadn't been for John Blake we'd be

burned to a crisp. I—funkt!" He laughed harshly. "You said you wanted young men—well, I'm an example. You better apologize to him, Dad. He's the most wonderful engineer that ever gripped a throttle!"

The crowd edged closer; the train-crew held its breath. Everybody knew about Blake's retirement.

Lakeland turned slowly. He did not evince the least surprise at Blake's presence. His poise was perfect. He even inhaled his cigarette before he spoke.

"Blake, this is the first time I ever admitted I was wrong, to an employee. My son says you brought us through. You may name your own terms."

The engineer touched the locomotive drivers lovingly. "Old Seven-O-Seven, sir—that's all I want. It's my life, sir. . . . As for coming through with the Special, that wasn't anything. Your son would have done it if I hadn't been along."

"You understand," went on Lakeland coldly, "I retired you on a pension. I never rescind an order. The pension holds, of course."

"You mean you won't give me back my old job, Mr. Lakeland?"

"No, Blake."

An inarticulate protest rippled over the crowd; but the superintendent paid no attention. "You are a retired man, Blake, so far as the pension is concerned. Incidentally, I hire you over again at your regular salary to handle the Special. But it isn't your old job; it's a new one differing in one particular from the other. Henceforth there's only one person who can fire you from the service of the C. S. & F. He is—John Blake."

As the crowd cheered, Lakeland turned to his son. "You will fire Seven-O-Seven, Ted. It is my belief the Lakelands have something to learn from the past generation. This man, I think, can teach it to you."

Ballade of Omni-Bussing

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Sheriff Knott of New York, in answer to a letter by our old friend "Pro Bono Publico," complaining of spooning on the tops of omnibuses as a public nuisance, has decided in favor of the lovers in a very human official document:

HE says we may spoon on the top of the bus,
For his part the law shall not interfere,
What though old "Pro Bono Publico" cuss,
Be happy, ye lovers, sans favour or fear:
Though you wind your arm round the waist of your dear,
Though the whole of Fifth Avenue be seeing,
The law's on your side, the ruling is clear—
O Sheriff Knott, you're a human being!

Let Puritans rage and old bachelors fuss,
They may rob us of whisky and wine and beer,
But the world is made safe at least for us:
"Sour grapes!" we cry down from our happy sphere,
As the great top-deckers thunder and veer,
Beneath us the scared pedestrian fleeing,
Her lips on mine, though the whole world see her—
O Sheriff Knott, you're a human being!

Lovers, homeless and hunted and hazardous,
Park-benchers, porch sweethearts, have ye good cheer,
All ye proletarian amorous,
The bird in the air than you is not freer:
The good Sheriff's ruling did ye not hear?
Even Nature approves, there's no disagreeing,
Then comes in, says he, the sweet o' the year—
O Sheriff Knott, you're a human being!

Envoi

Sheriff, all lovers from far and from near
Will bless your name for your good decreeing:
We've one friend in the world—here's our love sincere.
O Sheriff Knott, you're a human being!

Manufacture in Seattle



"For years Mr. Harriman had been working to get into Puget Sound. Why? He was already in San Francisco; he was already in Portland. If he simply sought an outlet to the Pacific ocean he had two of the three most important gateways. The reason was that he sought the BEST. Puget Sound is America's greatest maritime asset. The conditions there for opening a great world port are beyond comparison."—Patrick H. W. Ross, President National Marine League of the United States.

SEATTLE

The Pre-eminent
Industrial Opportunity

By C. T. CONOVER

No Pacific Coast city outside of Puget Sound in any way approaches Seattle as a railroad center.

Seattle's ships ply to every civilized port. Already Seattle is one of the great world ports in water borne commerce and in 1918 was second only to New York among American cities.

The Pacific ocean is to be the scene of the great commercial development of the future and Providence has willed that Seattle shall be the chief beneficiary among Pacific Coast cities by placing her several hundred miles nearer the teeming millions of the Orient than are California ports and by making her for all time the entrepot for Alaska, our great undeveloped treasure land.

Seattle's back country produces abundantly what the world most urgently needs—grain, fish, fruit, dairy products, timber, coal and minerals.

Sources of Eastern fuel supply are fast waning—seventy per cent. of the coal and seventy per cent. of the water power of the United States lie west of the Mississippi river. When the East loses its cheap power it loses its industrial kingdom." So says Alexander T. Vogelsang, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Then make a note that one-sixth of the nation's water power is tributary to Seattle and one-third in her trade territory, plus a never failing supply of coal at her doors.

That Seattle is to become a great industrial center is as inevitable as it was that she was to be one of the great world ports.

Seattle's climate alone gives a twenty per cent. margin in manufacturing costs. Dr. Woods Hutchinson says: "If you do not know the climate west of the Cascades, you cannot imagine what the climate of heaven may be like."

The Seattle Spirit is invincible and an inspiration.

Seattle is the healthiest city in the world and the cleanest and best lighted.

If you are a constructive, red blooded American seeking opportunity, write and write fully and frankly.

Seattle Chamber of Commerce & Commercial Club

PUBLICITY BUREAU
902 ARCTIC BLDG.
SEATTLE

The Seaport of Success

BON-OPTO

FREE for 10 Days' Wear

Send no money—just tell us which ring to send—No. 102 or 108. We will send you one of these genuine sparkling Tifinite gems mounted in solid gold—on 10 days' FREE TRIAL. Don't miss this offer. Send.

Put It Beside a Diamond When it arrives, deposit \$3.50 with postmaster. Wear it 10 days. See how beautiful it is. If anyone can tell it from a diamond, send it back and we refund deposit. If you love, pay the balance at \$3.50 per month until \$12.50 is paid. Price unaltered—terms lowest on record—everything on pre-war basis. Write today. Send strip of paper fitting end to end around finger joint.

The Tifinite Co., 5118 Plymouth Ct., Dept. 1429 Chicago

BON-OPTO

is a system of treating the eyes at home; is practised daily by hundreds of thousands of people with great satisfaction. The Bon-Opto system quickly relieves inflammation of the eyes and lids. It cleanses, soothes and rests tired, dusty, work-strained eyes and is a help to better eyesight. Ask your druggist. He knows. He will refund your money without question, if you are dissatisfied. There is no other home eye treatment like Bon-Opto.

Advertising in Film Fun Pays

As comments from our advertisers testify:

"One of our best pullers."
"One of the best mediums on our list of fifty publications."
"Film Fun pays about three to one."
"My advertising in Film Fun has proven entirely satisfactory."
And many others—let us tell you more.

Rate, 50 Cents a Line, \$200 a Page.

Published monthly by

THE LESLIE-JUDGE CO.,

225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Do you know that Clear-Tone
—the wonder-working lotion—
used like toilet water—

Clears Your Skin

of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin? *Elegant after Shaving.* Indispensable for sensitive and refined women.

GUARANTEED to banish unsightly blemishes easily and quickly, and leave the skin clear and smooth.



"A Clear Tone Skin"

This Free Booklet tells how you can easily and quickly at home obtain a clear skin, free from all blemishes, like Nature intended you to have. Thousands of copies of this interesting book are distributed every month.

Clear-Tone is not a cure-all or mail-order treatment, but a scientific, reliable **SKIN LOTION**, perfected after 16 years personal experience by Mr. E. S. Givens, who knows every embarrassment one has to suffer with a bad complexion. Endorsed and prescribed by physicians, druggists, and thousands of enthusiastic users, and sold on a direct and positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back! The marvel of Clear-Tone is that it clears the complexion so quickly, no matter what the cause.

Clear-Tone has had an unprecedented success as evidenced by thousands of voluntary letters written by men and women who had very bad blemishes and tried various soaps, ointments, and doctors without relief.

Read These Letters!

From U. S. Hospital—"Find myself improving wonderfully. Any one I see that has skin trouble your wonderful Clear-Tone will be recommended." Chas. A. Rein, U. S. Hospital 41, Staten Island, N. Y.

From a Barber—"Have been a barber for 30 years and never saw anything as good as Clear-Tone. All barbers should know about it." Otto Van Burin, Kansas City, Mo.

From a Musician—"I am obliged to be in public a great deal and my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me so greatly that I strongly recommend it." C. H. Lindeman, Steubenville, Ohio.

From a Soldier—"It is certainly wonderful." Louis Langer, Troop F 3rd Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

From a Flyer—"Cleared my face of Acne." H. J. Howard, N. H. Station, Pensacola, Fla.

People Amazed—"Has cleared my skin completely of pimples and blackheads. Everybody who sees me is amazed." R. R. Wilson, Pearson, Ga.

Thousands of Others—men and women—praise Clear-Tone. We'll gladly send copies of most interesting testimonials.

FREE Simply send name today for FREE booklet, "A Clear-Tone Skin" telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years, and my \$1,000 Guarantee to clear your skin of the above blemishes.
E. S. GIVENS, 224 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

10 Buys
Millions
Billions
in use
to-day

Engel
"Art Corners"

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart; of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners, let pictures then wet and stick. **QUICK, EASY, ARTISTIC.** No mugs, no fuss. At photo studios, drug and stat's stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing second. 30c brings full pkg. and samples.

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You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send to cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

H. N. Bogus 4214 Boyce Bldg., 187 N. 10th St., Indianapolis

He Has Sharpened His Way to Success

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

THIS story is not about a great captain of industry who fought his way upward by main strength and awkwardness. It concerns a bright young fellow who has won independence by sharpening razors, by making friends, and by knowing how to make folks talk about him and his business. He began with a "Wee Grind Shop." Now he rides around in a big auto, and still runs a grind shop, but it is no longer a wee one.

C. "Sharp" Stevens is an institution in Cleveland where he does his grinding, and in Lakewood, a residence suburb, where he lives, and is a member of the city council. There is a lot of encouragement in the career of Sharp Stevens for the average young fellow. As a lad in a small town in New York State he got a job in a cutlery factory, and by the time he was seventeen was boss of a gang of razor grinders, all of them older than himself. Feeling an artistic impulse, he took drawing lessons at night. He won second prize at a county fair with his drawings, and later took second prize at the New York State fair at Syracuse. But he did not allow that little success to start him on the wrong path. He stuck to razors. After working in several razor shops in New York and in Canada, he went to Cleveland to help a cutler who needed a grinder.

Finally the boss wanted to get out of business, and offered to sell to Stevens. The young man had a little money of his own, and, borrowing two hundred dollars more from his former Sunday-school teacher in his home town, bought the shop. His first move was to leave the basement and rent space on a street level. The only place available was a little hole in the wall with a frontage of seven feet. He says grind shops usually are in a basement or an attic, out of the way and hard to reach; he thought he would make his venture where everybody could see him.

He bought and sold razors, did grinding of all kinds, and gradually put in a small stock of cutlery. He did not wait for customers to come to him, but at the outset visited barber shops, and little Italy. Italians are fond of razors, and Stevens built up a fine trade among those people.

At first the only advertising he did was to write quaint announcements on slates and put them in his front window. They were unique and pungent. Persons passing would look a second time, laugh, and maybe enter the little shop. A reporter saw the slates and put a piece in the paper about them. Then Stevens conceived the idea of printing them daily in the newspapers. He persuaded a morning paper to accept a contract for a half-inch display advertisement, to be run top column, back page, new copy each day. That half-inch ad has been a money-maker for Stevens. People look for them each day and read them with a chuckle, for they are quite different.

In a few years Stevens had to seek larger quarters. It was a big venture for him to go where his rent would be two hundred dollars a month instead of fifty, but he was game; and he made money by the move. Now a further expansion is under consideration. Stevens says the next time he moves he is going to set up the finest cutlery shop in America. Persons who know him believe he will do it.

Stevens came by his nickname honestly. One day a customer asked:

"Where is that sharp fellow?"

Stevens responded, and after the caller had departed Stevens decided the word sharp would be a good one to associate with his name. From that day on he let

himself become known as "C. Sharp" Stevens. He has made a trade-mark of the name, and uses it on all business papers and his checks.

He still puts the little slates in his front window, but his main reliance is on the little daily advertisement.

"How did you come to insist on the back position at the top of the column," I asked.

"Because readers are pretty sure to see it there," he responded. "Did you ever watch people looking at the papers on a street-car. They generally read the front page, turn the paper over, and leaf it through from the back. Next to the front page, the back page is the best for advertising purposes. By appearing at the top of the column on the same page each day, my little announcement is sure to be read."

The advertisements generally consist of two sentences in black type, and do not run over three lines. Here are a few samples:

"Blades sharpened by Sharp Stevens in April cut well in May. 615 Prospect."

"Hate to talk about myself—Oh, well, C. Sharp Stevens."

"Sharp Stevens has got the grinding game down to a science."

"Shaving without a Stevens edge is slow suicide."

"Tis my daily plea, C. Sharp Stevens."

"Shave your lawn with a Stevens edge."

"When your tool throws a charlie horse, C. Sharp Stevens."

"Sharp Stevens can't lick the Dutch, but he can whet a sword."

"If you can't come yourself, send your friends to C. Sharp Stevens."

"Razors did; keys made; scissors sharpened; blades born again. C. Sharp Stevens."

"Cutlery sets for the Smart set, or anybody else. C. Sharp Stevens."

THIS advertising has made Stevens widely known, not only in Greater Cleveland, but throughout the country. A man in Michigan wagered a box of cigars he could address a letter, "C. Sharp Stevens, U. S. A." and the postal people would find him. Stevens laughed when he received it, and sent the winner a note of congratulation. Another secret of his success is his extensive personal popularity.

"More than once I have sacrificed a profit to win a friend," he remarked. "Friends are a man's greatest asset, and the way I get friends and keep them is by being genuinely friendly, and by giving satisfaction in business dealings. If a customer comes back with a complaint that we have failed to do our work right, I don't argue. I either make it right, or give back his money. Sometimes where blades have been lost or will not take an edge I just hand out a new set. Of course, I lose a little profit on one deal, but what is that compared to holding a patron's goodwill?"

Stevens does it just that way, but it is the way he does it that counts for much. He does it with a smile and a pleasant word that would thaw out any old grouch.

When one of his friends proposed him for the city council of Lakewood he was not eager to make the race. About all he himself did in the campaign was to get out an eight-page booklet telling about his qualifications for the office. It was so full of pithy, clever utterances that he was advised by some of his associates to become an advertising man. "Not for me!" he replied to them. "I know razors. They have fed me well. Why desert them?"

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

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Are You Asleep On a Gold Mine

By J. H. FRIEDEL

A FEW weeks ago newspapers reported the discovery of gold on a farm in a suburb of Paris. Naturally the news appealed to the imagination of men everywhere. The lure of gold discovery has been associated with the discovery of continents and the opening up of nations. A thousand years ago far-off China—Cathay, as it was called—and India, were two countries on everybody's tongue; they were the fairy places stocked with mines of gold, fabulous in extent. The lure of gold drew Vasco de Gama round Cape Horn, Frobenius to the Arctic Sea, and Columbus to America.

The discovery of gold in California in 1849 not only was responsible for the settlement of that State, but stimulated the exploration and development of the middle and far West. Extensive movements of population to Australia, South Africa, Canada and Alaska in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century followed the discovery of gold in these places. Yet many a man who would forsake home and country for the lure of the yellow metal is literally asleep on a gold mine in his own back yard.

The great gold mine of Australia, Mount Morgan, one of the most profitable in the world, not so long ago was owned by an Australian farmer who was in the farming business, as he said, not for his health, but to make money. The farmer's holdings covered one hundred acres. His land, he thought, was not very fertile. A stranger passing that way thought he detected gold on the farm. He offered \$3000 for the land. Three thousand dollars was an attractive amount of money to the farmer, so he accepted the offer. The prospector dug and found gold. He had not been at work long when an offer of ten times his investment was made him. Thirty thousand dollars for a few days' work was not to be laughed at; the prospector sold out.

The new owner dug deeper and found more gold. Then a syndicate, whose engineers had gauged Mount Morgan at more nearly its correct value, offered \$300,000 for the holding. Once more the farm changed hands. Today this 100 acres is part of the property of the Mount Morgan Mining Co., Ltd., one of the world's great gold producers, capitalized at several million dollars. Each of those who had owned it and sold it was literally and figuratively asleep on a gold mine.

THE Standard Oil Company was organized by John D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, and Samuel Andrews. Rockefeller was a commission merchant, selling produce in Cleveland. Flagler was a grocery clerk. Andrews owned a small plant for refining crude petroleum. In his desire to extend his market Andrews sought out Rockefeller and offered him a dollar for each barrel of oil he might sell. Rockefeller soon found the arrangement quite profitable. One day he said to Andrews:

"There must be a good deal of money in oil."

"There is," was the answer. The two talked of forming a partnership, but nothing was done.

Along with selling groceries Flagler was earnestly endeavoring to make an impression on a young lady who came regularly to the store to trade. Eventually Flagler married his customer. Mrs. Flagler had \$50,000 in her own right, and Mr. Flagler looked about for a field in which to invest the money. He consulted Rockefeller. Both communicated with Andrews and a partnership was formed, the three entering zealously into the oil-refining business, using Andrews's plant.

The venture was a success; the business expanded and the profits grew. Rockefeller and Flagler, being younger than Andrews,

were more daring in their ventures. Andrews inclined to be conservative. Thus a certain amount of fiction was inevitable. One day the younger partners asked Andrews how much he would take for his share. Andrews named a figure that he thought would be prohibitive. "I will sell for \$1,000,000," he said. Rockefeller and Flagler at once accepted, borrowed the money and bought him out. Thus Andrews retired from the firm.

Years later Andrews told how, after his retirement from the Standard Oil Company, he had invested in real estate in Cleveland.

"It brought me one-fiftieth of the returns it would have brought had I let it remain in the Standard Oil," he said.

Today Mr. Rockefeller's annual income from the Standard Oil Company is greater than the value of all the precious metals won by Alexander the Great in his conquests. Was Andrews asleep on a gold mine?

IN the Pacific Ocean is a small island whose value today is about in inverse proportion to its size. Ocean Island, it is called, was owned by a company which did not look upon it as a valuable property. The island had some coconut trees on it—that was all the company knew about it. Some one came along with an offer and the island was sold. Before the negotiations, however, a captain of one of the company's schooners who happened to be visiting the island, picked up a rock that struck his fancy, and brought it back with him. At the office they used the rock to keep the door open on warm days.

A visitor to the office one day almost fell over the stone. He picked it up, looked at it and asked:

"Where did you get this?"

"Oh, it came from Ocean Island, one of the bits of territory we used to own," he was told.

"Do you know what this stone is?" he asked.

"Why, no, just rock, probably."

"I think it is phosphate," he said. "If you will let me take it, I will analyze it."

It proved to be the richest phosphate known. Ocean Island, which had been sold for a song, contained between 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 tons of phosphate. Phosphate before the war was selling at \$10.00 a ton.

The company didn't know what it had. It was asleep on a gold mine.

When James J. Hill took over the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad it was described as "two streaks of rust with a right of way." Dutch capitalists who controlled it were eager to rid themselves of their holdings. The railroad to them was an impossibility. Induced by the alluring promises of various prospectuses, they had put their money into it; but when at last its actual condition was revealed to them they were glad to sell their bonds. But the "two streaks of rust" became in the hands of Hill the foundation of one of the great railroad systems in the United States. The Holland capitalists were asleep on a gold mine.

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited. Every day, men, looking for a gold mine, find—often too late—they have been asleep on one. Many a man, many a firm has had wealth galore in its hands and has let it slip away. Why? Because someone has been nodding. Sleep does not mean a mere closing of the eyes; it means a closed mind, a brain that is not as keen as it should be. The closed mind may be due to lack or limitation of vision, to folly, weakness, ignorance; to one or more of many causes. But its result is always the same—economic inefficiency, waste, loss, regret. Its cause is preventable.

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THE railroad problem in this country at the time the roads were returned to their owners by the Government had become too vast and complicated for easy and speedy solution. Only the experienced masters of transportation comprehended the magnitude of the task set before them of rehabilitating a great industry demoralized under Government control. The general public could not realize what obstacles lay ahead of the restoration of the nation's formerly smooth-running, efficient, cheap, and satisfactory carrying-service. Even the experts could hardly have foreseen certain contingencies which were destined to add to the difficulties of their endeavors.

The roads were indeed allowed to exact higher freight and passenger rates, and the Government guaranteed certain large sums intended to safeguard them from operation loss during a transition period. But when this money became sorely needed to meet the roads' obligations the wording of the new Transportation Act would have prevented them from getting any portion of it until after years of wearisome book-keeping. Congress corrected this defect in the law, but before that some of the roads had had times of trial—shared by their creditors.

Besides this there befell stagnation of business throughout the land due to the readjustment process and to interruptions of traffic by strikes. As production diminished the amounts of products offered for shipments necessarily decreased. There followed a severe slump in the revenues of the roads, many of which in recent months have failed to earn even operating expenses. In these circumstances, the increased freight and passenger tariffs proved wholly inadequate. These charges, however, are already so heavy that shippers and travelers have groaned under them, and there is no possibility of their being raised further.

In fact, the buyers' strike against high prices of commodities seems to have extended to buyers of transportation service. With prices of goods declining and costs of production not falling at equal pace, producers find in unusually high freight charges a serious discouragement to production. The margin of profit is in numerous cases so small that railroad charges eat them up, and thus they have come to be one of the distinct deterrents of business revival. Their reduction is therefore one of the requirements of complete and equalized readjustment.

But before that can safely occur the wages of railroad workers will have to be readjusted on a reasonable basis. The wages fixed by the Government during the war are excessive for a time of peace and deflation. Railroad workmen can not expect long to remain overpaid in comparison with workers in other industries. Fantastic union rules sanctioned by the Government have made it possible for the unskilled, the slackers and the over-timers to collect simply outrageous sums from their employers. Urjust exactions have com-

pelled the railroads to pay out hundreds of millions of dollars that could have been devoted to better purposes. The railroad executives have been moving strongly for saner scales of pay, and they must at length succeed, because enlightened public sentiment is with them. But in order to compass this end the roads must again run the gantlet of governmental restriction. They cannot cut down labor costs without the approval of the Railway Labor Board, and the unions are fighting the move. Eventually, practical economic sense will win. In the meantime the roads are putting into effect increasing retrenchment. Unpermitted as yet to trim wages, they are discharging such workers as can be dispensed with and reducing the number of trains on their daily schedules.

It is deplorable that so colossal an industry as that of the railroads should continue to be in so distressful a plight. Its present condition is an injury to the prosperity of the country. Every feasible means should be resorted to to save it from disaster. Private ownership too much hampered by unwise Government regulation is too closely akin to Government control to be a success. The railroads should be set free to prosper, to expand, to serve the nation adequately, and to do their full part in building for it a prosperous future. An investigation by Congress of the whole railroad situation seems to be needed to make all this clear to the public.

The predicament of the roads has lately made the market prices of railroad securities exceedingly insecure. Their values have suffered seriously and they can never regain their place as favorites of investors and speculators until the roads are favored with a better outlook. Nevertheless, even in this interval of uncertainty, the issues of the leading railroads, as well as those of leading industrial organizations, continue to be attractive on any material recessions.

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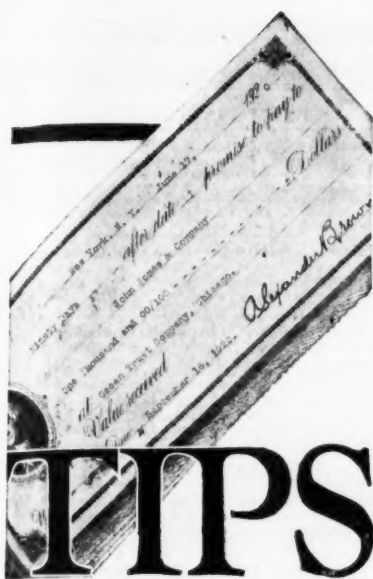
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"Free Booklets for Investors"

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N., WASHINGTON, D. C.: It is impossible to tell when improvement will take place in the copper market. The price of the metal sags in spite of curtailed production and the plans of the copper companies for promoting export trade. Until there is a better day for the product, prices of copper stocks will not have a chance to rally. The demoralized state of the industry is shown by the fact that since March, 1919, nearly 20 leading copper companies have passed their dividends, and three have reduced them.

M., DENVER, COLO.: Texas Company, Midwest Refining, S. O. of Indiana, S. O. of N. J. and Pan American are all dividend paying oil stocks in good standing, but all selling high enough for their dividends. Middle States, Elk Basin, and Pure Oil are paying dividends. Of the three Pure Oil is preferable, both from the investment and the speculative standpoint; Sinclair undoubtedly has a future, but it is a long-pull speculation. Union Oil, California Petroleum, Pierce Oil and Transcontinental Oil are non-dividend payers and any material advance in their quotations seems at this time remote. The oil stocks are likely to be unstable until deflation in price of crude ends.

New York, March 26, 1921.

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They Changed Horses in Mid-Stream

(Concluded from page 367)



"I Want a Drink"

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always the gamble of putting all your eggs into one basket. Haley Fiske took the job; and ever since he has been to all intents and purposes the chief executive of the giant company, though it has been only for the last two and a half years that he has held the title of president.

The case of Alfred C. Gilbert is even more unusual. Gilbert started out to be a physician, and devoted four years of hard work to the study of medicine. He earned part of his expenses at Yale by a curious means that was the outgrowth of a hobby—the manufacture of all sorts of tricks and sleight-of-hand devices. He had acquired his fondness for legerdemain when a kid; but lots of kids do that.

During his last years at college he began to wonder if there might not be a larger future for him in expanding the manufacture of his strange paraphernalia than in the medical profession. But lots of college students wonder about lots of curious expedients that would relieve them of the ordeal of final exams. Gilbert stuck it out until he won his medical degree in 1909; then he gave the toys a fair trial. For a long while he had wanted to see what the public would think of intricate mechanical contrivances that would constitute a primary course in engineering science for the youngster who worked hard enough over them; so he rented a small plant and store to try out the idea. The tricks went like wildfire, and the business, aided during the war by the absence of German toys, has grown until sales last year aggregated \$2,000,000. Had Dr. Gilbert listened to the advice of ultra-conservatism when he had his medical degree safely in hand—well, he's only thirty-six now—it's quite likely that his peculiar dexterity with "parlor tricks" and black magic would have made him the most popular interne in some large hospital.

As for Whitney Warren, if he had con-

tinued to pursue the things that held his attention until he was thirty-six his chief distinction would be the doubtful one of ranking as a social favorite in half a dozen European countries as well as at home. He had been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, and had acquired an early taste for traveling, art and architecture.

Many, similarly situated, are content to spend the rest of their lives explaining to esoteric coteries just what's the matter with the other fellow's work and why So-and-So will never get anywhere in the realm of higher art. It's easier than doing work. At thirty-six Whitney Warren decided a silver spoon was a monotonous diet, and he went to work as an architect. It took him five years to get a start, but today, at fifty-seven, he ranks among the biggest in the East and says he is just beginning.

It was he who visualized the possibilities of that run-down section of decrepit red-brick houses and weather-beaten shanties that used to distinguish the present region of Grand Central Station in New York, and he was the architect who drew the plans for that station and for practically all of the gigantic hotels and other structures that have sprung up in its vicinity in the last decade.

In the course of a year the transient population of that region now exceeds the total population of New York and Chicago combined. As for money—his services have netted him millions, much of which he has given away.

Getting started on the wrong track is no irremediable error—dozens of successful careers prove that. The irremediable error is the failure to exercise enough courage and self-confidence to undertake the acrobatic feat of changing horses in mid-stream when there is reason to regret the first choice.

"Dear Mr. —"

By HARRY BOTSFORD

NOMINALLY I am a calm citizen. I have the happy faculty of remaining cool and collected under provoking circumstances. In other words, mine is not what commonly is termed a hair-trigger temper. Yet, there are times when I lose control of an otherwise serene, blithe and sunny temper—all because of misfit mailing lists!

Darn those misfit mailing lists! First and foremost, there is the monthly letter from a mail order house addressed to Mrs. Harry Botsford. As it happens, there is no Missus in my immediate family. Three months ago I wrote what might be termed a heated letter to this mail order house requesting the removal of the name from their mailing list. The letter had no effect. Why, I do not know.

Once, in a moment of weakness, I wrote a certain correspondence school that I will not publicly shame. That was several years ago. Today they have my name on the mailing list in three different styles. Somehow I am deeply prejudiced against that school!

Unfortunately having led a more or less gypsy life in the last three years, I have had, naturally, several addresses. In some occult manner a nationally known firm has secured no less than seven of these. Eventually their sales efforts reach me, thanks to the dutiful postal authorities who observe all forwarding addresses. I considered it my solemn duty to write this firm and request that at least six of my names be eliminated from their lists. In reply came a courteous letter from the mailing department stating the matter

would receive careful attention. Three months ago was the date of that promise, but I still get their letters forwarded from seven different postoffices.

I am a plain writer—I say this in defense. I have no time for the so-called fancy writer whose signature is a mass of pen flourishes that resemble a futurist artist's conception of a pancake climbing a flag pole. When I write my name, I do it plainly and sans flourish. Completed, I flatter myself that it is plain and unadorned, but could be read by Little Susie, aged 6. But, apparently some clerks are given to a too-rapid scanning of signatures. I receive mail addressed to Henry Botsford, Harry Botsford, Henry Butsford, Howard Batsford and perhaps twenty more variations, which depends, I presume, entirely upon the optical and mental condition of the various clerks. Somehow, these things get under my skin.

One time I carried out an analysis of the cost of sales letters. The statistics bound who conducted the research confided that the average letter, with enclosure, plus paper, stenographic service, stamps and general overhead, costs from thirteen to thirty-two cents to deliver. If letters cost so much, why, in the name of a name, are not advertising departments more alert to prevent useless and expensive duplication of names and addresses?

Aside from the unnecessary cost in duplication, the advertising department should figure on the resentment that duplication and queer spelling arouse in a busy man. Surely, such resentment is not good for business!

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